

## DOM VIRGIL MICHEL TALKS TO US AGAIN

Many a priest is dear, in memory, to members of the Madonna House lay apostolate. Many a priest is enshrined in our hearts, and is mentioned often in our prayers. But there is, and always will be, a special place for Dom Virgil Michel, the Benedictine priest who came to us in the early days—days that seemed dark and useless.

He came with a fire that rekindled the hearts of many of the pioneers, and put a new spirit in some who were about to give up the very idea of the whole apostolate.

### Words of Fire

Now, we learn with great joy, that new life is being given to Dom Virgil. Though he died many years ago, his ideas of the lay apostolate still flame throughout the English-speaking world. A friend who knew him well, and who admired him, is writing a long scholarly dissertation on his life and work: so the "torch bearer" still carries light and warmth and inspiration to lay apostles.

It was in 1934, on a dark chilly rainy day, that Fr. Michel first appeared to the pioneers of the Madonna House apostolate, then banded together in Toronto as the first Friendship House group. It was in the days of hunger—soup with unbuttoned bread, and not much else, day after day. It was in the days when everybody felt tired and discouraged.

They sat huddled around a Quebec heater, this cold wet day, talking of poverty, cold, misery, the things they would like to eat, and the seeming impossibility of being of any great help to people. They talked dispiritedly. The door opened, and the priest with the torch stepped in.

### To Be And To Do

He was interested, he said, in the lay apostolate. So he had come from Collegeville, Minnesota, to see what we were trying to be—and to do—for the Lord. How he heard of us we did not know. But we began almost immediately confiding to him the full story of our weariness, our hunger, our compassion for the poor, and the frustration we felt at being able to do so little for them.

He smiled, as though he knew all about it, and began to talk—to talk of the Mass and the Liturgy.

His were really words of fire, giving joy and strength and wisdom and courage. Any day, he stated with emphasis, could be borne, "if it were lived between two Masses."

The pioneers listened. Hope reawakened. Strength came back. A firm spiritual base began to take shape. A fire began to burn which has never yet gone out. And the apostolic movement grew in spite of all the world and the flesh and the devil could do to stop it.

It was the right time for a priest—or a prophet—to appear. Listen!

### Time of Breadlines

"History's worst depression was

heavy upon the land . . . 5,000 commercial banks, some 20% of all the banks in the United States, had failed . . . the organized labor movement was weak and riddled with active Communists. Soup kitchens and breadlines dotted city streets. Fifteen million men were unemployed in March, 1933. About one-fourth of the families were on relief . . . there was a hunger march on Washington . . . the birth rate fell to an all time low . . . civilization seemed in danger of collapse.

"Among those who rose and met the challenge was Dom Virgil Michel, then deeply steeped in the liturgy, the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, and fully armed with the principles of a sound Thomism and a Catholic social philosophy. While some . . . thought of the social problem as a purely economic one and of its solution as a purely economic solution, Dom Virgil went to the roots of the problem and laid bare the underlying causes by exposing a godless individualism, a hidden paganism, a subtle bourgeois spirit, a rank materialism, and their supporting ideologies and philosophies.

### Not Only Economic

"He made it clear that the social question was not merely an economic one, to be resolved merely by the application of social ethics and legislation. He insisted that social reconstruction could be achieved only by restoring an organic structure to society. Taking his stand on papal encyclicals, Catholic social philosophy, and the ideology of the liturgical movement, he made it even more clear that the social chaos about us is often only the reflection of the spiritual chaos within us; that unless modern man recovers human and spiritual values, there will be no lasting Christian social reconstruction—the first requisite being an inner spiritual awakening and reconstruction which begins with oneself.

"And precisely here the liturgy would make an indispensable contribution, for one works in vain to change society unless he changes hearts, souls, persons first; and, by their apostolic vision, spirit, life, and work, social institutions also—again beginning always with oneself.

### How To Do It

"In this way a right understanding and a total living of the liturgical life could regenerate all of Christian society, and through this eventually all of human society. Thus the liturgical movement, with its core-idea of the Mystical Body, the social encyclicals, and a sound social philosophy must point the way, first to a spiritual rejuvenation and second, to a sound, practical program of social action.

"One should recall that the liturgy is eminently social. It is the social exercise of the virtue of religion. 'One could very well say,' Michel maintained, 'that the liturgy is as social as man is.' And if the comparison lacks point, he went on, it is because four centuries of extreme individualism in political, economic, social, and religious life, 'are our inheritance and we have forgotten almost entirely how thoroughly social man is in ultimate nature and being.' And that is why 'so fundamental and all-embracing an aspect of it as its social character has been overlooked.' Yet the social aspects of the liturgy are but counterparts of the natural life of social man. Dom Michel said:

"The supernatural builds on and elevates nature. Today the natural social bonds have been disrupted by centuries of in-

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## MADONNA HOUSE LIMITED

A few Sundays ago our good friend and lawyer, Mr. James A. Maloney, Esq., who is also a Member of Parliament, stopped off to deliver to us personally a document that we had long awaited. It was the Letters Patent, establishing Madonna House as a Corporation in the Province of Ontario, and was signed by the Honorable George Harrison Dunbar, Provincial Secretary.

The Letters Patent specify that Madonna House is erected to carry on charitable work, and that its head office shall be situated in the Township of Radcliffe, in the County of Renfrew, and "it is hereby ordained and declared that the Corporation shall be carried on without the purpose of gain for its members, and any profits or other accretions to the Corporation shall be used in promoting its objects."

We all rejoiced because of these documents, and what they signify—viz., a further step in the permanency of our lay apostolate.

## SURRENDER

By  
Mary Ruth

Take, Lord,  
This peace  
So long awaited;  
Quietly  
One day  
It came,  
Enfolding me  
Within its  
Depths.  
Like John,  
I rest  
Against  
Thy Breast,  
And feel  
Thy heart beats.  
So easy now  
To rest  
Against  
Thy Breast;  
And feel  
Thy Hand  
In soft  
Caress  
Upon my brow,  
For now  
Complexity  
Gives way.  
Simplicity and love,  
Hold sway.

## The Secret of Mary

(Continued from last month)

### You Will Not Fail

St. Bernard has said: "When you follow Mary you will not go astray. When you pray to her you will not despair. When you think of her you will not err. When she sustains you, you will not fail. When she protects you, you will not fear. When she leads you, you will not become tired. When she favors you, you will arrive safely."

He also has said: "She keeps her Son from striking us. She keeps the devil from hurting us. She keeps our virtues from escaping us. She keeps our merits from being destroyed. She keeps our graces from being lost."

Were there but one reason for this devotion—that it is a sure means of holding us in the grace of God, and even increasing that grace in us, our hearts ought to burn with longing for it. But there are many reasons, many motives.

This devotion truly frees the soul, giving it the freedom of the children of God.

Since we reduce ourselves willingly to slavery, for the love of Mary, she, out of her love will dilate our hearts, intensify our ardor, and cause us to walk with giant steps in the path of God's commandments. She will deliver our souls from weariness, sadness, and scruples.

### Taught By God

It was this devotion which Our Lord taught to Mother Agnes of Jesus, a Dominican nun who died in the odor of sanctity, in the convent at Langeac, in Auvergne, France, in 1634. He offered it as a sure means of delivering her from the severe sufferings that troubled her. "Make yourself My mother's slave," He bade her. She obeyed, and, in a moment, all her troubles ceased.

I repeat that this devotion consists in doing all our actions with Mary, in Mary, through Mary, and for Mary.

It is not enough to have given ourselves as slaves through her to Jesus; nor is it enough to renew that act of consecration every month or every week. That alone would not make it a permanent devotion; nor could it bring the soul to the degree of perfection to which True Devotion can raise it.

It is easy to enroll oneself in a confraternity, or to practice a devotion that requires a few vocal prayers a day. The great difficulty is to enter into the spirit of that confraternity, that devotion.

The spirit of True Devotion consists in this, that we be interiorly dependent on Mary; that we be actual slaves of Mary, and,

## Consecrated Women Will Shine Like The Stars In The Night

By Msgr. John J. Dougherty

Twilight and dawn have much in common. Both are a mingling of light and darkness. Both have something of the gold of the sun and the purple of the night. Both give a softness to hard lines, and as candlelight at dinner lends charm to a woman's beauty, twilight and dawn bring enchantment to the face of the world. Twilight and dawn have much in common, but there is this difference: dawn proclaims the coming of day and twilight summons the night. All that is a poetic prelude to a question.

Is the semi-darkness we stand in the twilight or the dawn? May we expect the day and light, or the dark night? You know the answer. There will be much night before the day breaks upon the bright new world of tomorrow.

### Star In The Night

How dark the night will be I cannot say. Will it bring the complete blackout of all-out war, or the brownout of prolonged war, now hot, now cold? I do not know. But this I can say: no matter how black the night before us, if you lift your heads you will see a star, Our Lady, Star of the Sea, and the blacker the night the brighter the star.

What shall I say to those who face the night, who walk in the twilight of civilization? What would Christ say? "Never, we believe, never in the course of the history of humanity, have events required so much initiative and daring, so much sense of responsibility, so much fidelity, moral strength, spirit of sacrifice and endurance of all kinds of sufferings—in a word, so much heroism." That is what Pius XII said. He is the Vicar of Christ on earth. He speaks for Christ.

### Light In A Book

The twilight of civilization is not first in the sky and upon the earth. It is not first in the things men say and write and do. First it is men's minds. In the dark man no longer sees himself for what he is, he is no longer sure where he is going, what direction he should take, where he has lost the way. When man no longer sees himself truly, he does not see anything else truly. In the darkness things look different to him. His movements are hesitating and uncertain.

There is more debate, more disagreement, more sound and fury, more lost motion. His poetry becomes more misty and meaningless. His art becomes more murky and misshapen; his theatre more degrading; his literature coarse and empty. He labors all night to produce a desert trackless, parched, and dark. Will someone knock on a door and ask for an answer? Or open a book and look for an answer?

I will open a book, the book of the Gospels, and read. "The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it. It was the true light that enlightens every man who comes into the world . . . and we saw his glory—glory as of the only begotten of the Father—full of grace and truth." (John I passim).

### Light Is A Rose

In the twilight of your world, look to the Light of the World. Remember the words of St. John. "To as many as received Him He gave the power of becoming sons of God." (1:12). This is the first step in your response to the Pope's call for heroism. You must be vested with power from on high. You must be robed with light as with a garment. You must put on Christ, Our Lord. You must become children of God. There is only one way for a human to become a child of God, the way of Christ. As the Son of God took humanity from Mary by the power of the Holy Spirit, the sons of men are robed with Christ through Mary and the Spirit.

In the dark of the mind things look different to man, especially woman. The danger for woman is that she will look upon herself as the darkened mind of man looks at her. I think there are three ways in which a woman can look at herself.

She can look at herself with THE MIND OF THE FEMALE.

Female is said of the sex itself. By the mind of the female I mean the evaluation of life in terms of sex. The mind of the female will express itself in behavior, the most readily discernible being immodesty in dress. She dresses with a purpose.

### Woman Glorified

It will express itself in the sort of reading she does, in her conversation and entertainment. It will express itself in her attitude toward men when she is with them or absent from them.

It will express itself in her attitude toward women, particularly toward those who interest the man that interests her. The mind of the human female will resemble the instinct of the female animal in ingenuity, stealth and fury. She has been glorified in the modern novel and the modern play. It is just possible you may meet her about town.

Secondly, a woman may look at herself with THE MIND OF A WOMAN. The title woman suggests strength and dignity. You may picture her in the setting of covered wagons in the days of the pioneers; you may picture her waiting on the wharf with anxious eyes in the days of the clipper ships, or you may picture her at LaGuardia airport.

You may dress her in crinoline and old lace, with a background of wisteria and southern waltzes, or robe her in the white habit of Maryknoll with the background of the dirt and disease of a village in India. All that is accidental in time and place.

Her strength is within. Her name is valiant. Hers is not the strength of the aggressor, but the strength of them that endure. Her strength is not that of the clenched fist, but that of the stroking hand. Her power is her tenderness, her joy is giving, her life is service.

### What Pius XII Wants

And yet we do not have the heroism the Pope asks for. There is a third way we may look at woman, WITH THE MIND OF MARY.

Mary is the woman of Christ, and to be the woman of Christ she had to have the mind of Christ and the grace of Christ. She had to have light in the darkness of the world before Christ. To be the mother of Jesus she had to have the light of grace in her soul ALWAYS. There could be no instant of the darkness of sin, and so she was conceived immaculate.

She had to be a world bright enough for the Light of the World to grow in, and so she was "full of grace." There could be none of the darkness of pride in her and so she could say, "He has regarded the lowliness of his handmaid." There could be none of the darkness of desire in her, and so she surrendered her body to God. She said, "I know not man." The mind of Mary is a mind of humility and of purity. These are other words for Mary's love. Humility is love with the vision of God, and purity is a heart on fire for God.

### The Mind of Mary

In the twilight that summons the night it is time for all to cast off the mind of the female. It is not enough to put on the mind of woman. It is the time for supernatural heroes. Put on the mind of Mary. The Vicar of Christ said, "Natural resources are insufficient in your apostolic struggle . . . Intimate union with Christ is necessary."

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# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

LOVE GOD AND DO AS YOU WISH . . . said St. Augustine long ago and far away. Yet in that one pithy sentence is encompassed all that we can truly say of love and loving.

For if we truly love . . . we will never do anything to hurt, to harm, to bring pain to our beloved. For BECAUSE we love, we will bend our will to that of our beloved.

We will do this for the man . . . for the woman . . . for our children. How much more then should we do this for God? Truly love Him . . . and then do as we wish — secure in the knowledge that we will never wish anything contrary to His most Holy and Divine Will.

But our generation has forgotten how to love. We have prostituted that most holy word, until it simply means "I" . . . "ME" . . . and not he . . . she . . . they . . . and because we have made gods out of ourselves, our cravings, our needs — we have become a lost generation, that wanders around about the world, moorless, purposeless, drifting, not knowing even where we shall land, and afraid to land anywhere.

Gone are all the dreams of glory, adventure, in the natural and supernatural order. There remains only whispy day dreams, that do not know whence they started, have no substance anyhow, and most assuredly do not know where they are heading.

Perhaps because of this strange loss of ability to love, the Assumption of Our Lady has been proclaimed a dogma of the Church. For her Assumption is the crowning glory of a life spent in PERFECT LOVE. It is so beautiful a truth, that willy-nilly it draws even our wandering, day dreaming intellects to consider its perfection and its beauty, and perhaps slowly through these considerations move back into the flaming reality of the life of grace and of God that is ours to live for the asking and implementing.

Any point of Our Lady's life is a starting point to God. But her Assumption is truly a door that stands invitingly open for anyone who has forgotten how to love — or never knew how — to enter in and find love and all the ways to it.

For they are one — Her Divine Son.

CHRIST IS LOVE AND HE IS ALSO THE WAY. But one who seeks Christ without Mary seeks Him in vain. For He chose her to come to us. And it is through her that we go to Him. So clearly did the ancient Church understand this, that even now in the Eastern Church in Communion with Rome, after the Consecration of the Holy Species at Mass, a most beautiful and ancient prayer to our Lady is said.

LOVE GOD AND DO AS YOU WISH. Do you want to find out how to love God and man? Enter the door of Mary's Assumption and retrace under her guidance — the guidance of the Mother of God-and-man — the steps of Her life — unto the Presentation in the Temple.

This pilgrimage of love, this sitting in the school of love, will be a silent one. For she is THE SILENT ONE — but her silence is more powerful than all human words — for it is filled with THE WORD WHOM SHE BORE AND WHO IS GOD. If you follow all the way, Her Spouse, the Holy Ghost, will impenetrate you too, and you shall be filled with Christ the Lord. And you shall give, in truth, birth to Him in your souls . . . and you shall shed all the words that may stunt His growth in you. Like the words . . . "I" . . . "me" . . . "mine." And by the time you will reach BETHLEHEM AND ITS HALLOWED STABLE . . . you will understand that you must cease to be — so that Her Son may reach His full stature in you . . . so that you may be able to say "I LIVE, NOT I BUT CHRIST LIVES IN ME" . . . THEN INDEED YOU CAN MAKE ST. AUGUSTINE'S WORDS YOUR OWN . . . "LOVE AND DO AS YOU WILL."

AND IT WILL BE MARY WHO WILL TEACH YOU. ENTER THEN THE DOOR OF HER MOST HOLY ASSUMPTION . . . BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.



## Eddies Of 1956

By  
Eddie Doherty

"Trees," my friend Tom Murray said, "are like people, in many ways."

Tom is something like a tree himself, tall and sturdy and straight — and good to have in your yard. You may say he is one of the great white pines. Certainly he is one of the landmarks of Barry's Bay, one of the outstanding figures in the lumber industry of Canada. He has been a lumberman for fifty-six years; and though he has turned forests into millions of feet of lumber and mountains of sawdust, he still finds trees fascinating.

### Cedars And Pines

We were sitting in the shade of a clump of cedars, and Tom was looking at a grove of tall pines bordering the road that runs through these few acres.

"Those white pines, now," he said. "There's an example. A lot of people think the white pine is the best tree in the world. But it takes a lot of poplars, white birch, balsam, or other lesser trees to support it. Just as it takes a lot of lesser animals to support a man — the cow, for instance, the horse, the pig, the ox, the mule, even the fowls that lay his eggs and provide his drumsticks."

I didn't quite follow his argument, for I didn't know what he meant by the poplars and other trees' supporting the white pine.

"Why," he explained, "a white pine that grows up alone, without these other trees near it, doesn't amount to much. It is likely to grow too fast. Then the sun gets too hot for it. Its top burns. And that's the end of it. Or it shoots up to a great height before it has the roots and the thickness of the lower trunk to sustain its height. Then it crashes."

### Poplars And Balsams

"But you take a tree that grows up in the company of poplars or white birch, or balsams — that tree might grow to be the grandest in the woods."

"You see, these lesser trees support the white pine. That is, they shelter it. They protect it. They keep it from getting too much sun, for instance — give it a chance to grow strong enough to resist intense sunshine. They keep it from getting too infested with insect pests. And, you know, I sometimes think the Great Planter arranges it so that certain trees are visited by weevils — to keep them from shooting far up out of the ground before they're ready for it."

"In time the pine grows up and spreads its branches out over all the trees that supported it. Then it's on its own, so to say. But it owes a lot to those lesser trees."

"In time a boy grows up — and if he grows to any great height, and has any branches to spread out over the rest of the neighborhood, he owes a lot to those who supported and sheltered him."

### The Great Planter

Long after Tom left Madonna House for his home in Barry's Bay I sat there by the cedars, thinking about what he had said — and what he hadn't said.

It occurred to me that the Great Planter has surrounded many of His sons and daughters with poplars and white birches and "other lesser trees" — for their own good.

It might perhaps appear unjust to a white pine — if a tree had human emotions, human reason, and human reactions — to find himself hemmed in by a lot of poplars and birches, kept out of the sun, kept out of adventures with fierce winds, kept out of everything. There would be nothing he could do about it. He would have to stay where he was and take it.

He could watch the poplars dancing all day in the sunshine and the rain. He could listen to them whispering, even to the slightest of breezes. Why should these light-minded flirts enjoy themselves thus, he might demand, while he — a much nobler sort of wood — spent most of his life in the shadows, unnoticed or ignored?

### Why Pick On Him?

Other trees were allowed to grow tall while he remained little better than a shrub. No tree near him talked his language, understood him, showed him sympathy, or gave him consolation. In fact all the other trees looked down on him, shut him out of their games, excluded him from their plans — and jeered at him if they deigned to notice him.

He could pass his youth in bitterness, in envy and jealousy and hatred. Or he could make the best of things and go about the business of a tree, sending its roots deep and thickening its trunk so that — when the right time came to show what was in him — he could rise above all those around him.

He might bewail his loneliness, unaware that the Great Planter had given him this as a blessing. Loneliness is a gift that anyone can use to advantage. (Who was lonelier than Christ?)

He might bewail the fact that there was so little sunlight in his life; as some children now weep because they do not go to movies as often as other boys and girls, or because they have no television in their homes, no radio, no telephones, no electric gadgets. The lack of sunlight, or cheer, can be a blessing too.

### Murray Himself

I thought of Tom Murray himself. He had no advantages in his boyhood and youth. He was born in the bush, on June 10, 1880, and was "rocked in a sap-trough." The trough wouldn't be needed until it was time to tap the maple trees again; so it could serve for a time, as a cradle. Nobody had any cash at the time; but everybody ate regularly, and everybody worked. People made their own things — even their shirts and clothing. Tom didn't go to school until he was twelve. There weren't any schools. But he managed to get a fine education.

"Some people," he says, "never went to school. But they used to see the school ma'am every day or so in the post office."

I wondered what kind of tree Tom would have made had he been born in a big city, the son of a millionaire.

### Lincoln-Aquinas

I wondered about Abe Lincoln — a typical white pine — and what would have happened to him if he had had too much sunshine in his boyhood, too much adulation. Supposing people had come to exclaim at his beauty — as they do about the white birch — instead of going to such great lengths to say how ugly he was. Would we ever have heard of him?

And I wondered about St. Thomas Aquinas — also a white pine. The poplars and birches and balsams that looked down on him, and jeered at him — "dumb ox" they called him as they swayed with the winds — what ever became of them? Who cares?

I came to the conclusion that the life of a man is even more carefully arranged by the Great Planter than the life of any tree — and that every condition in which a man finds himself can be made profitable to him if he accepts it.

It takes a lot to make a pine. It takes a lot more to make a man. God makes the pine. The man sometimes thinks he is self-made.



## Who Is St. Joseph?

Compiled by  
KATHLEEN O'HERIN

He is the adopted Father of the God-Man.—St. Luke.

He is the most faithful Coadjutor of the Incarnation.—St. Bernard.

He is the Lord and Master of the Holy Family.—St. Bernadine.

He is the only one found worthy among men to be the Spouse of Mary.—St. Gregory.

He is the Savior of the life of the Infant Jesus.—St. Matthew.

He is the Savior of the honor of His Mother.—St. Jerome.

He is the third Person of the earthly Trinity.—Gerson.

He is the model and image of apostolic men.—St. Hilary.

He is more an angel than a man in conduct.—C. a Lapide.

He is the model of priests and superiors.—Albertus Magnus.

He is the guardian of chastity, and the honor of virginity.—St. Augustine.

He is the patron of the married state.—Paul de Pal.

He is the patron of a happy death.—St. Alphonsus.

He is the master of prayer and of the interior life.—St. Teresa.

He is the leader in the great procession of the afflicted.—Avila.

He is the procurator of the Church of God.—Little Office.

He is the patron of the Catholic Church.—Decree S.C.R.

## Outer Circle Letter No. 135

We have discussed in our last letter the hard, difficult and sublime vocation to "LOVE" in the married state. We have spoken of the one-ness of man and wife — of the security that that one-ness and that mutual love brings to each of them, and to all their children; said that this loving one-ness make a home — and never mind its physical and financial trappings.

Yet across our land and in fact all over the world, insecurity of the young is all too apparent, for its other medical name is NEUR-OSIS. A disease of immaturity, emotional immaturity — that unmistakably points its shaking fingers AT PARENTS AND HOME.

In turn these insecure, emotionally immature youths marry . . . and the vicious cycle of neurotic parents, neurotic children, broken homes, divorces, etc., becomes more and more apparent, until one cannot pick up even a modern magazine or a popular book without coming across some diagnosis of this condition, or of this "cancer" that is eating out the very heart and soul of our civilization.

How to break the vicious cycle? How to restore the home? How to help the growth of emotional maturity in parents and children?

### Where To Begin

Knowledge is our first weapon. The knowledge of the nature of man including his emotional make-up, its needs and its checks. For grace works on nature. Two books in our mind are outstanding along that line. The first — a Catholic Digest Book-of-the-month — "HOW TO LIVE 365 DAYS A YEAR" by Dr. A. Schneider, M.D., published by Prentice Hall. It is not a "Catholic" book. In fact it barely mentions religion. Nor should a book of this type do so.

For consider — if anyone of us had a broken leg. Would we wish to be brought to a chapel, made comfortable there, and prayed over day and night, in hopes that the Lord would cure the break in our leg? Of course not. We would want proper medical attention, resettings, casts, etc.—and AFTER these had been given to us we would be glad to accept help to bear the necessary pain involved. The same would apply to any other organic sickness. Because we understand the nature of the "illness" at least a little.

Why then do we desire, nay demand that psychiatry — a branch of medicine and a most respectable one "deal in religion" instead of causes and effects. Religion can and will play its role in psychiatry, AFTER we take care of it according to its nature — for here too, grace works on nature. Thus the second book we recommend is "ACHIEVING PEACE OF HEART" by FATHER IRALA, S.J. These two books will go a long way toward acquiring that fundamental factual and spiritual knowledge needed to deal with the symptoms and facts of an already existing neurosis.

### An Ounce of Prevention

But what of prevention of the same neurosis? Here again we must turn back to parents. May be this should be written for future parents only; yet I don't believe so. I think that good, intelligent, average people, can and should face themselves and each other, and in a collective examination of conscience, find those sins of omission and commission against their "vocation to love" of which they have been guilty. Truly if all modern Catholic parents did that — the young, the middle age, and those at the start of the eventide of life — this world would in truth become a better place to live in, and their children — our youth — would lose their fears, inhibitions, sense of insecurity — in a word, their actual or incipient neuroses.

The first points of that exam of conscience should be on sins against love. Love brings the immense tranquility of God's order into all parts of life. The conscious and the subconscious. As Dr. Karl Sterns puts it so beautifully — LOVE HEALS . . . LOVE MAKES MAN WHOLE AGAIN . . . LOVE MAKES MAN FREE EVEN FROM THE PRISON OF SELF."

### Where Do We Err?

What then are the "sins against love" that parents may commit that would result in that terrible insecurity — that plagues our modern days and lives? Sins against each other and against their children?

The answer is stark and simple. PERVERSION OF LOVE, MOCKERY OF IT. The indifferent husband too occupied with his affairs and himself, who takes his wife and her life and work FOR GRANTED—he perverts love. The

nagging wife — who cannot see anyone outside of the sphere of herself, who wants all things to go HER way and all attention, all interests to center around about her — sins against love. Selfish men and women who never think of one another, but only of themselves — and have a bottomless urge, a sickly need of constant attention, admiration, approbation — break the bonds of love.

Yet these may be called, if charitably considered "the venial sins against love." The gravest of them all, the mortal sin against the vocation and love itself who is God — is to channel, to demand, to wish to possess, to wish to be the END of all loves centered in a home. It is the possessive father, or mother, or both — who want to "feed" on their children. Who desire them to "warm their cold hearts" and refuse them a life and love of their own, when they have come to the age that rightfully can and must claim it.

Here you have the insecure, jealous husband and father who is even jealous of God. Here you have the possessive wife and mother, who will not allow her children even to be possessed by God nor by her husband either.

If you think I exaggerate — invent — prevaricate — ask any Bishop of any Diocese, ask any Superior of any Religious Order. Ask me again as a superior of a Secular Lay Institute expecting approbation of Rome . . . ask any confessor, spiritual director . . . Yes do ask us. And we will tell you in one voice. That the greatest single detriment to religious vocations (and this often applies also to that of marriage) is to be found in over-possessive parents, who under the pretext that their offspring are too young, keep putting off the day of separation.

Because they have forgotten the goal, the aim, the divine purpose of marriage — which is — mutual love — the begetting, giving birth and bringing up of children . . . FOR GOD, who co-created these with them — FOR HIS GLORY AND THE CHILDREN'S ETERNAL SALVATION.

### Real Love Demands

They forget too that love never uses the pronoun "I" — that it relinquishes all things for Christ's sake. That it is cruciform and cannot hold anything anyway, because its hands are nailed to a cross . . . voluntarily . . . of free choice, and that in that surrender, in that effacing of the pronoun I . . . in that making oneself and one's life a channel, that leads all who touch it to God — away from oneself — lies true happiness . . . and true maturity and true mental health.

For when all is said and done Christ is still the greatest psychiatrist of them all. And he clearly stated the principles of spiritual health which embraces mental health as well—UNLESS YOU LEAVE FATHER AND MOTHER . . . BROTHERS AND SISTERS . . . HUSBAND AND WIFE . . . YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF ME. The single ones then must leave the nest that is home, and father, mother, sister, and brother in it . . . and . . . "follow Him" into the vocation He calls them to — of which there are four . . . Priesthood, marriage, religious life and single life given to God in the world. And husband and wife must "leave" one another inwardly — becoming each a means for the other to reach God, and not make gods either of themselves or of each other. For even they are but means to the end which is always GOD. Detachment works here too . . . as does the counsel of poverty — at least in spirit.

Let us then in truth make our home Christocentric. And go to Jesus through Mary — who knew so well how to love perfectly.

## TO BE A GUIDE

Let me lend my soul in the trouble, stay with the humble and guide their eyes above, where shine Thy eternal stars. I will be a pruner in the vineyard, a workman in pressing grapes.

Let me lend my soul in the trouble, my word in the mouth of stammerers, my hand for those who lie on the side of the path, and, before the window of my house, be a flame in the night, that those who might wander may steer their steps to the house of safety. I shall prepare the wash-tub, put bread and wine on the table, and open the Book on the parable of the Good Shepherd.

(Translated from the Flemish of the great Belgian poet, Wiers Moens.)



## YUKON MEN'S MANSE



## W-A-C- 2-18 EQUALS WALLS ARE CRUMBLING

By Father Gene

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon Terr. — This is the story of a shack. Not that "tumble-down shack" you've heard glorified in song, nor the one you've seen in the movies constructed on a Hollywood set. This is the story of a real shack. It still stands, but the walls are crumbling.

The shack is my home in the Yukon, and I am writing this story from within its tottering, hallowed walls.

I choose that word "hallowed" deliberately. Because there is something sacred, something holy, about this flimsy, sieve-like, dilapidated dwelling. It tells in its own way the simple, rugged, austere story of the Madonna House pioneers up in this cold, mountainous corner of the continent.

## Historic "House"

The shack stands on a corner lot in Whitehorse across the street from Maryhouse. It is here that Mamie and Kay slept on the night of their arrival in Whitehorse — at the end of that long dusty ride of 3500 miles across Canada in a half-ton truck. Recalling that night, Mamie said to me today: "It was kind of chilly, and it looked as if we would have to keep a fire going over there all summer."

That was the feast of St. Anthony, June 13th, 1954.

Fires are Louie's specialty, so on the following day it was decided that the shack should be turned into a "men's residence" — and Louie promptly moved in. He has been here ever since, and so the place came to be known as "Louie's Shack."

It rented for \$30 a month. But the owner was a kind man and made a monthly donation of \$10 to Maryhouse, thus reducing the rent to \$20. After the first year he reduced the rent by another five dollars.

Mamie wanted to buy the shack and the lot that goes with it because Maryhouse was soon inadequate for our work here. Real estate, like everything else in Whitehorse, is very costly. She could have the shack and the 100-by-50 foot lot for only \$2000.00! The kind man who owned it could have gotten \$2500 for it. By offering it to us at the reduced figure he was really making a donation of \$500 to Maryhouse.

## Saving for A Shack

For two years Mamie skimmed and saved, saved and skimmed. Every available penny was channeled into the "building" fund. One day last April she put all Maryhouse resources together, exhausting every fund — even petty cash. She counted her savings and they totalled exactly \$1500, the amount required for a down payment. Mamie went to the kind man who owned the shack and gave him the fifteen hundred dollars, promising to pay him the remaining five hundred at the rate of \$50 per month.

Maryhouse was broke, but owned the shack!

That was the 18th of April, 1956 — a big day in the development of the Madonna House apostolate in the Yukon. It was also the solemnity of the feast of St. Joseph.

The shack was blessed by Father Triggs, Maryhouse chaplain, on the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, April 30th. The blessing took place in the late afternoon, so it was also the First Vespers of the new feast of St. Joseph, patron of workmen.

## New Tenant

I arrived in Whitehorse on the feast of St. Michael, May 8, and moved into the shack with Louie. A few days later we christened it "St. Joseph's Shack" and erected a sign, painted for us by Kay in bright red letters. So, in its evolution, St. Joseph's Shack has served as the first Madonna House residence for women staff workers in the Yukon, as the first residence for men staff workers, and finally as the residence of the first Madonna House chaplain to leave Combermere for a Madonna House mission.

Now I come to the sad part of this story. The days of the shack are numbered. The handwriting is on the wall. If you look at the shack, you will see the letters WAC painted in white on the front wall. Originally those letters meant "War Assets Corporation," because the materials out of which the shack is constructed were sold by the U. S. Army to the Canadian government as "war assets." But now, the "WAC" stands for "Walls Are Crumbling."

The Bishop, you see, has just made us a handsome donation of a barrack block, for which he paid \$2000. (It seems that a large part of the buildings in Whitehorse that are not shacks were originally barrack blocks constructed by the army.) The era of the shack is rushing swiftly to its close, because the barrack block will soon stand on the site of the shack, eventually to blossom into the new St. Joseph's House.

## M. H. Bookkeeping

In typical Madonna House style, Mamie has begun the work of excavating and moving the building — with only \$400 available to pay for a \$1400 contract. And that only places the building on its new foundation. Mamie really needs \$2000 to put the new ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE in operation.

And she has asked me not to beg for any help in this article. She knows how badly Madonna House itself and Marian Centre need your alms.

But I am allowed to say that here in the Yukon WALLS ARE CRUMBLING.

Would you like to know what it's like to live in a shack? I'll sell the story to anyone who will buy it — FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

## A Love Letter To Almighty God

By

Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Maker of all things, I thank You for this chill gray day.

I didn't care much for it, at first; as you well know. It set a sad and sombre mood in me. I remembered Terry Ramsaye's lead on the story of a funeral in Wisconsin; "Cloudrack of passing storm scattered cold drops of rain." His words made the tragedy bleak and grim and pitiless indeed — and taught me something of the ways of writing.

## God Pounds The Beach

I remembered a night I spent at Laguna Beach with Wallace Smith, who kept waking every now and then to listen to the thunder of the surf, and to repeat again and again: "God's almighty fist!" In his own way, Wally loved You too, Almighty God. I think most honest newspapermen do love You, for they have a holy desire to make known the truth, and a holy hate for Pharisees and phoneyes. Do they not remind You of Your Son?

Lord, I have many friends among American editors and reporters. I say this with the simplicity, and something of the perfect trust, of Mary, when she let You know, in Cana, "They have no wine." You made wine for her. You will show mercy to my friends, because You love me, and because You love them too, more than I could ever love them.

Your gray rain brought back many memories. Gray days have made shining marks in my long life. I thank You for them. But it was not only memories the rain evoked. It awakened me to the perfection of Your world, Your universe, Your power, and Your love.

## God's Perfect Order

I reflected that water goes up to You in mists from seas and lakes and ponds and rivers. You use the sun to draw it into Your heaven. There You form it into clouds — which You tint with so much skill and magic that even the angels wonder at their beauty. You send the clouds scudding before Your winds — each sailing off in the direction You have indicated — to bless some land below with rain or snow or sleet or hail. We do not always see Your love in snow or sleet or hail — or too much rain. It is hard to see Your countenance in ice-stones that destroy a field of corn or wheat, yet we know You send us blessings even when we think we are accursed.

I saw the earth of Combermere rejoice under your gray rain today. I saw young pines and spruces lift their heads a trifle higher toward You, and stretch their limbs in gratitude and joy. I saw the poplars shaking and shivering, like so many dogs emerging from the river. I saw the wild strawberries scamper through the wet grass to show You the ripe red fruit Your rain had brought them. I saw the wild rose hedges in our garden light a thousand lovely pink and yellow fires to thank You for Your gift. I saw wild flowers in the woods and hillsides tumbling out of their buds, so eager were they to see You passing.

## That Paintbrush!

I saw the Madawaska dimple with each gray drop that fell upon it; and heard the wee creeks sing a loud Te Deum to

You. I saw the gold and gray and purple irises, the scarlet poppies, and the cream-white lilies of the valley nod to You as they bathed and took new beauty on them. I saw the daisies dance and sway, and thought I heard them sing a hymn of benediction to You. I saw the roads bedeck themselves in clean new Queen Ann's lace to give You honor. I saw the "devil's paintbrush" bowing reverently to You, and inhaled the powerful new perfume they offered. The washed world smelled of "paintbrush" and of apples!

They call it after the devil here, because, they say, if you take it into the church and place it before an altar, it dies. You know, God, it dies anyway, after it's picked. Some farmers don't like their fields painted by this orange-yellow blossom. It is a weed, they say, for when it dies it turns to a cottony sort of texture and flies all over the earth. It is, they say, a devilish pest. To me it is most beautiful; and its odor is better than that of violets or roses. So I shall think of it hereafter as "Mary's paintbrush." And may its aroma always remind You — and her — of my friends and me!

## Prayer Goes Up Too

Before the rain had stopped, and while the alleluia of the angels were still echoing across the heavens in a rumbling thunder, I realized that You use prayer the same as water.

Water lifted from the China Sea may sprinkle a garden in Ontario, or spoil a picnic in New York.

Prayers lifted out of Combermere may soften and sweeten hearts in Vladivostok or Pekin, or prevent some crime in What Cheer, Iowa, or Painted Post, New York.

Lord, is it strange such thoughts should come to me? I do not think so, since they are born of love. Is it strange that I should love You — I of all people? No, it is natural, even for me, to love You.

But why must I show myself so blatantly, so imprudently, so extravagantly in love with You, Omnipotent Eternal God?

Others pay their court to you in solitude, in silence. In "gardens enclosed." They whisper their love and listen for the thunder of Your voice.

## In The Market Place

Why must I woo You in the glare of noon? In the center of the world? Why must I shout my love to You? Why must I try to drown out the hucksters in the market place, the roar of traffic, the rumble of the subways and the "L" trains and the street cars and the screaming buses? Why must I outshout the policeman's whistle and the newsboy's "Read about it, read about it, Daily Paper just out, read all about it?" Why must I make my own raucous voice heard? That someone, passerby or cop or vendor, may hear me plainly — and then may hear the silence of Your answer? So be it!

Even from the first it was that way, was it not, my Lord and God? Did not the priest who bought my soul for a story insist I print the fact that I had sold it? And was not the soul I sold You the best advertised in North America?

## Saint Or Sucker?

Some readers thought me a sucker for selling my soul so cheaply. Some felt I was a saint. I am neither saint nor sucker; and it matters not, if thinking of me leads them to think of You.

Was it a sucker bargain, God Almighty? I gave you all of me. And what did you give me in return? All of Yourself!

If You wish it, I shall spend the rest of my life here in the village square — call it Times Square, or Hyde Park, or the Loop, or Combermere — and yell the huckster's yell:

"God's love for your love: God's love, going cheap: who'll buy God's love with his own?" (I know I cheat You; and I know You love it.)

It is still new and strange to love you, God. The newness does not stale. The strangeness does not grow familiar. The joy within me grows with the days. Yet I remain the shallowest of vessels. I share one species of infinity with You. I am infinitely shallow!

Strengthen my voice, Lord. Give power to my writing. Let every drop of mist climbing toward Your cloudy heavens remind You of my friends and me. And keep raining Your graces, Your blessings, Your sovereign love, into my shallowness as into a fountain — that the divine downpour may overflow and splash the world with glory.

Yours, with much love, Eddie.

## THE B'S CORNER

The other day, the morning Mass brought before us one of the hardest sayings of the Lord, and one of the most beautiful ones, yet one that the hearts of men through centuries past, today, and unto the end of time find so hard to accept; that again and again they relegate it into their subconscious, or try to water it down in the thousand ways a truth can be watered down by a rebellious intellect, an uncomprehending heart, and a frightened soul.

For the Gospel of Matthew (43-48) deals with the question of LOVING one's enemies. Luminous and direct, bespeaking of the highest ways of love the words of the Lord ring clear and unmistakable — "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. DO GOOD TO THEM THAT HATE YOU."

I had read and heard that Gospel many, many times during my long life — but lately I have begun to deeply meditate on these strong words, that truly make all hearts wonder, so hard are they to "understand," so terribly difficult for us human beings to put into practice.

## Prove Your Love

Slowly it came to me, that perhaps we do not consider them enough during the times of peace, when no one "hates" us particularly, no one "does us dirt," no one calumniates us, nor gossips about us. Yet THAT is the time when we should make those words our own; slowly, gently consider them, realizing that they are indeed the true marks of a CHRISTIAN, a follower of the Christ Who on His death-bed — the Cross, prayed for His enemies. For indeed they are too, the SEAL of love. For until in truth, before the face of God we can say that we DO INDEED LOVE OUR ENEMIES, AND DO GOOD TO THOSE THAT HATE US, He cannot put His final seal on our love — for as yet we are not TOTALLY His own, we still love even as heathens do — those only who love us!

Only unto a heart and soul that has purified itself from pride and self love and is passionately in love with God, and hence with ALL its neighbors — can the Lord affix His Seal of love.

True, at times, it appears that we have every justification to "hate in return," for deeply ingrained in us is the Old Testament saying — "AN EYE FOR AN EYE, A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH," especially when our sense of justice is outraged, and we feel sure that there must be some mitigation of these incredibly harsh and difficult words.

Yet . . . even then they stand immovable, four square, in the very middle, in the very heart of our holy Faith, allowing us no room to circumvent them.

To understand a little why we must face them unflinchingly. To comprehend a little why, unless we make them our very own, and integrate them into the reality of our daily life, we shall not see heaven . . . (for we shall be judged finally on HOW WE HAVE LOVED) . . . we should begin at the beginning.

## Starting Point

The beginning in this case is humility, whose other name is truth. We must be able to see ourselves as we are, not as we think we are, we must be able, at least dimly to understand how we appear to God. If we even try a little — we will catch a glimpse of what I mean. The blown-up balloon of our appreciation of ourselves will burst and we shall stand naked before our own eyes — naked inwardly — and suddenly we will comprehend, that "those who hate us" are charitable indeed, even if they "hate us" unjustly for deeds and faults we have never committed! For in our depths there are so many "hateable things" that are a thousand times worse than the ones that they — the haters — know about . . . that their hate sort of becomes justified, and acquires a truly kind tinge. We almost could become grateful to them for "hating us" so gently.

In the same light of humility and truth we shall continue to perceive that were we even to start to begin to atone for our manifold sins, imperfections and faults we would have to do harsh, constant unrelenting penances — and that all those who "hate us," accuse us unjustly, gossip about us, and do us wrong in many open and hidden ways, are doing us in a manner of speaking a favor — for they become our penances — the ones we are too weak, soft, or cowardly to inflict upon ourselves. Alleluia!

Humility whose other name is truth — will indeed show us all this, and much more. IF WE ONLY LET IT!

## Next Step

But humility is the path to

charity whose other name is love. It will open the eyes of our love of neighbor. And in a sudden burst of light and vision we will understand more. Here I have a strange picture before my eyes, that has haunted me for years. It is a very down to earth one, realistic, yet it has helped me to understand the words of Christ much. I see a high ladder which I sluggishly and slowly try to climb. But I do not like the narrow rungs on it, nor their wide spacings. Moreover my ladder seems endless, its top I have never seen, for it loses itself in the cloudy sky. So here I am "resting" much between rungs — suddenly from below I get a mighty shove — unseen hands, have through it somehow jet-propelled my sluggish self some ten . . . maybe twenty . . . or even miraculously . . . a hundred or more rungs UP . . . UP.

After the first shock of this unexpected procedure wears off . . . I am, or should be infinitely grateful to those unseen hands, for they have done me a favor beyond all gratitude . . . they have brought me closer to God, to heaven.

These "unseen hands" are the "hands" of those who hate us. Don't you remember the last Beatitude? ? ? "BLESSED ARE THEY WHO SUFFER PERSECUTION FOR JUSTICE SAKE, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

To meditate on the last Beatitude, to make each letter of each word our own — is to acquire a heart filled with deep, deep gratitude for persecutors and persecutions. That can bring us to desire at least the latter with a great and burning desire. That will inevitably lead us to freedom — "the freedom of the children of God" — freedom from all the chains of self that will die in this luminous understanding of love.

## The Impossible Is Done

Then and only then too, will we begin to truly LOVE OUR ENEMIES AND DO GOOD TO THOSE THAT HATE US. For now that they have done us this immense service of freeing us from self, of opening the Kingdom of Heaven to us . . . we cannot, we must not leave THEM behind. And since only love can overcome hate — we must, in truth, in justice, out of this infinite joyous gratitude LOVE THEM to bring them back to LOVE WHO IS GOD.

And now the meditation is ended. And the "hardest words of the Lord" have become soft and radiant, and joyously easy . . . as do all His words when taken to heart — as does even the hard unplaned Cross — if one lies lovingly and voluntarily on it. Both Cross and Words . . . yield their inner kernel, relinquish their holy secret . . . and life becomes a foretaste of heaven. Alleluia.

## COMBERMERE DIARY

Summertime has brought its quota of visitors and some of the staff were happy to welcome their parents, among them: Trudi Coriens' father, Joe Walker's mother, Mary Jean Beaudoin's mother, and Lucille Dupuis' parents were on our Visitors' book.

Among our clerical visitors were Father Hugo, a White Father; Father Charles Conroy of Newfoundland; Father Scheib of Toledo; Msgr. Duffy and Father Mooney of Rochester; Father Gorman of Toronto; Father McCarthy of Watertown; Father Kress of Rochester in company with Father Conway, a Redemptorist; Father Clavet a newly-ordained Victorian Father, and Msgr. Byrnes of Mobile, Alabama, accompanied by Father Roberge of Detroit.

## Small World!

One of the most pleasant surprises of the month was a visit from Louis Stoeckle, our Staff Worker in the Yukon, and he brought with him a beautiful film made by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate called "The Law of the Yukon."

The Summer School proved as interesting as ever. Msgr. Dougherty of Darlington, New Jersey, taught the first week on the Principles of Catholic Action. The next week was centered on the Mass, and was taught by Father Martin Brodner, O.S.B., of Munster, Sask. One of our good friends, Father Pocock, of the de Montford Fathers, taught the third week, while Father Lawlor of Oshawa, Ontario, returned again to teach the week on Catholic Social Principles.

The fifth and sixth weeks were "sell-outs," since away back around Christmas time, and the two Family Weeks saw a total of over 100 children with "parents attached," enjoying the unique vacation of talks and walks.

We hope your vacation was happy, too!



## THE SECRET OF MARY

(Continued from Page One)  
through her, actual slaves of Jesus.

## All With Mary!

There are many who have adopted the exterior practices of this holy slavery of Jesus and Mary; few who have accepted its interior spirit; and still fewer who have persevered in it.

The essential practice of this devotion is to do everything WITH Mary. That means we must take Our Lady as the perfect model of all we do.

Before undertaking anything we must renounce ourselves and our own views. We must place ourselves, as mere nothings, before God, unable of ourselves to do anything supernaturally good or profitable to our salvation. We must have recourse to Our Lady, uniting ourselves to her and to her intentions, although we don't know what those intentions are. And through Mary we must unite ourselves to the intentions of Jesus Christ.

We must place ourselves as instruments in the hands of Mary that she may act in us, and do with us, and for us, as she pleases, for the greater glory of God, her Son; and through her Son for the greater glory of the Father; so that the whole work of our inner life and of our spiritual perfection is accomplished only by dependence on Mary.

## All In Mary!

We must do all things IN Mary. That is, we must become accustomed, gradually, to recollect ourselves interiorly, and try to form within us some idea or spiritual image of Mary.

She will be the chapel of our souls, in which we offer up all our prayers to God, without fear of being unheard. She will be our Tower of David, in which we can take refuge from all our enemies. She will be a burning lamp to enlighten our hearts and minds and souls, and to inflame us with divine love. She will be a sacred altar, on which we contemplate God, with her and in her.

Mary will be the only means used by our souls in dealing with God. She will be our universal refuge. When we pray, we will pray in Mary. When we receive Jesus in Holy Communion, we will place Him in Mary, so that He may take delight in her. Whenever we do anything we will do it in Mary. Whatever we do we will do in Mary.

And, everywhere, and in all things, we will continue to renounce ourselves!

## All Through Mary

We must never go to Our Lord except THROUGH Mary — through her intercession and her influence with Him. We must never be without Mary when we pray to Jesus.

And we must do everything FOR Mary.

As slaves of this radiant, immaculate, loving, all-powerful queen, we must work only for her; for her interests; for her glory. This must be the immediate end of all our actions. We must work also for the glory of God. That is the final end of all we do.

In everything, we must renounce our self-love, because self-love often sets itself up, in a sly way, as an end in itself.

We should repeat often, from the bottoms of our hearts, "O my dear mother, it is for you I go here or there; it is for you I do this or that; it is for you I suffer this pain or wrong or inconvenience or slight or snub or great misfortune."

Beware of believing, Chosen Soul, that it is better to go straight to Jesus, straight to God. Your intention and your action will be of little value without Mary. If you go to God through Mary, your work will be hers. Consequently it will be sublime, and most worthy of God.

## The Faith Of Mary

Do not try to enjoy prayers and pious works; but do and say everything with the pure faith Mary had on earth; which, in due time, she will communicate to you.

Leave to your Sovereign Queen the clear sight of God, the raptures, the joys, the satisfactions and the riches of heaven; and content yourself, poor little slave, with pure faith, though you encounter a distaste for spiritual things, distractions, weariness, or "dryness." Say "Amen" to all this; and to all that Mary does in heaven. This, for the time being, is the best you can do. Union with God consists in an act of will. Your feelings do not matter.

Do not be tormented if you do not immediately enjoy the sweet presence of the Blessed Virgin in your soul; for this is a grace not given everyone. Even when God, out of His great mercy, does favor a soul in this way, it is always easy to lose the grace.

Experience will teach you much more about this devotion than I can; and if you remain faithful to the little I have taught you, you will find many rich fruits of grace. You will be surprised. And you will be filled with joy.

## God's Throne — Mary

Let us set to work then, dear soul; and, by faithfully practising this devotion, obtain the grace, "that Mary's soul may be in us to glorify the Lord, that her spirit may be in us to rejoice in God," as St. Ambrose says.

"Do not think there was more glory and happiness in dwelling in Abraham's bosom, which was called Paradise, than in the bosom of Mary, in which God has placed His throne," the learned Abbot Guerris has advised us.

True Devotion, faithfully practiced, produces many happy results. The most important is that it establishes, even here, Mary's life in the soul. Thus, it is no longer the soul that lives, but Mary living in it — for Mary's life becomes its life!

When, by an unutterable yet real grace, the Blessed Virgin is queen in a soul, what wonders she works therein!

Mary is the worker of great wonders, particularly in souls; but she performs her wonders in secret, certainly in a way unknown to the soul. Were that soul to realize all Our Lady is doing, the realization might destroy the beauty of her work.

## CONSECRATED WOMEN

(Continued from Page One)

When you have put on the mind of Mary and the armor of Christ, then you are ready for the area of battle. Then you are a witness and an apostle. You are a witness because the values and the behavior of a Christian can be seen in you. You are an apostle because as a Christian you have a mission to man, a social task. You must restore the world to Christ.

Your activity in the battle area is conditioned by what you are by nature. The Vicar of Christ said, "Every woman is made to be a mother; a mother in the physical meaning of the word, or in the more exalted but no less real sense. For this purpose the Creator organized the whole characteristic make-up of woman, her organic structure but even more her spirit, and above all her delicate sensitiveness."

## On Your Knees

All women have a vocation to motherhood; in the home or the school, in the hospital, at the office or the playground, at work or after hours, at a concert piano or a washing-machine; everywhere, but especially on their knees praying for the world like a mother.

Physical or spiritual motherhood is the vocation of every Catholic woman. The first of these is clear. It is a way well-worn by the feet of millions of Christian mothers since Christ came to Cana and changed the water of wedlock into the wine of sacramental marriage.

The second way is new and untried, and calls for that initiative and daring the Pope speaks of. He recognized the social fact of millions of bachelor girls in modern society. He calls upon them to look upon their lives as a God-given vocation, and to dedicate themselves to the works of spiritual motherhood, the apostolate of the sick, of the young, the work of religious instruction, of recreation and the many social services. These two ways are ways of dedication.

## Greater Mothers

There is a third and a greater way of spiritual motherhood. The way of consecration has in the past turned to the established religious orders of women. In a world lost to Christ a new way of consecration appears, the consecration of women in the world, women dedicating their minds and hearts to the Church's mission to man in the area where the battle is thickest and the

night blackest, and in that cause consecrating their souls and their bodies to the Son of Man.

What apostrophe is befitting this moment, the mystery and the challenge of our time, the glory of our Eucharistic morning, the ardor in our hearts, the yearning in our eyes, and the hush of our listening? Surely it must be the Word of God.

I find it in the Apocalypse, and read "A great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon was under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." (12:1). The woman is the Church, the twelve stars the apostles of then and now, lay apostles. The moon is the ever inconstant world. "Swear not by the inconstant moon," but place your hearts in constancy at the feet of the woman clothed with the sun, the Church, your mother. But more! The Fathers of the Church have seen in the woman a symbol of Mary. And you are the stars in Mary's crown, this morning and forever.

## VIRGIL MICHEL

(Continued from Page One)

dividualism. It is not too much to say that the revival of true social human life will be achieved only under the inspiration of the liturgical life, since the specific divine purpose of the latter is to transform human nature after the mind of Christ, and inspire it unto a life replete like His with love of God and man."

(To be continued)

## SHOW HIM TO ME

By

Marilyn Williamson

Hills heavy with hidden fruit,  
Hills rolling with wild grass,  
Unmask your Creator.  
Show me Him Who loves me  
Enough to bring you to life—for me.

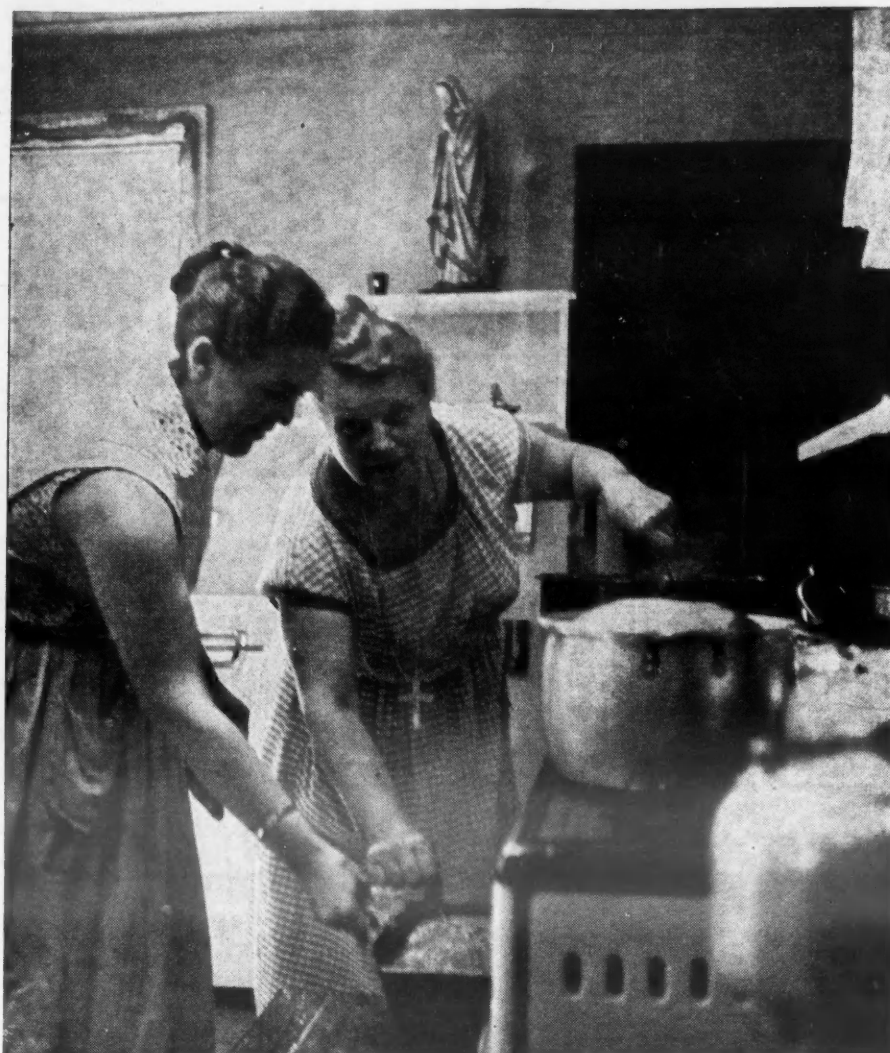
Berries, bowing your heavy heads,  
Berries staining my fingers with  
your blood,  
Is this red His blood  
Which stained the world with  
love?

Flowers, trees, all you insects and  
tiny things that live in this  
wildness,  
Lead me to Him.  
Show me Him.  
Fill my longing.  
Imbue my being with Him, your  
Creator.

ADIOS,  
"MOLLY" YOUNG

We learned recently, with sorrow and joy, of the death of Mary Josephine Young — sorrow because she has left us, joy because we are so sure she is in heaven. "Molly" Young, who spent her last years in Santa Maria cottage, at Young's Point, Ont., with her brother, J. Leo Young, was one of the first benefactors of Friendship House, Toronto. She used to beg "left-overs" from bakeries for the poor who came to us.

"Molly," says her brother, "was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis for over 22 years. And her prayers were powerful. Once, about 35 years ago, when we lived in Peterborough, my father was threatened with cataracts in both eyes. He couldn't read even the figures on a box car. My sister prayed, and promised God that she would not eat candy for the rest of her life if He would restore Father's eyesight. She also promised to say six Rosaries one day each month. She used the Franciscan beads, seven decades. And should she be interrupted, even if nearly through with the six Rosaries, she would start again. "Some months passed. Two doctors sat with Father on the veranda of a cottage four miles north of Young's point. He asked if they saw the small boat just then rounding an island. They saw it later, marvelling that Father could see it at all, and see it so clearly. Later he could read a newspaper in a dark corner, where I couldn't read it at all. He lived to be 96 and 5 months; and enjoyed perfect vision up to the end. He had not taken his last breath, however, when both eyes were covered with cataracts!"



Staff Worker Lucille Dupuis (Connecticut, U.S.A.) and "The B" cook with Mary, beneath one of the many statues of the Madonna in Madonna House. Nothing is wasted in this kitchen, incidentally—especially the left-overs.

COOKING  
WITH MARY

Have you got a tiny plot in your back yard? The size of two men's handkerchieves? Or bigger? Then plant CHIVES, of the family of onions. Their delicate, pleasant, and pungent aroma and taste will bring you a new eating sensation, in salads, where it can be shredded raw (and very fine), in soups, gravies, and sauces, with meats, poultry, eggs — fried or scrambled — and even in vegetables. It improves EVERYTHING. Try sometime a sandwich of chives (the very tender new growth before it blooms) with mustard sauce . . . and watch that lunch pail of your husband get emptied quickly!

And have you planted nasturtiums somewhere? Window box or garden flower bed? Border, or just in a pot on the window sill? (A good idea for winter. Nice to look at and nice to eat.) Well, if you have, then be sure to gather the seeds while they are yet green. Then pickle them. Yes, pickle them as you do any sweet vinegar pickle, (take any such recipe in your cook book, it will be O.K.). Next time you have fish, boiled or fried, mix these pickled seeds with your favorite mayonnaise sauce (hot or cold) and serve.

The swanky restaurants will do the same with imported "caper" seeds, which are not found in the North American continent, and are very expensive. But we don't care, I challenge any chef neck to neck. Let him use the ultra ultra aristocratic "caper" and I will use the nasturtium seeds, grown right at my back door. The finished product over that fish will be the same. So help me.

Speaking of nasturtiums, don't overlook their new leaves, so tender, and light green. Entertaining your garden Club? Make sandwiches of those dainty leaves, chopping them up fine, mixing in just a little pinch of finely chopped chives (as above), the whole soaked in your favorite mayonnaise sauce. Put between two slices of fresh brown bread, cut daintily. Then sit back and enjoy the enjoyment of your friends.

Want a new salad that will help to get rid of leftovers, and which the French call "Vinegrette"? Here goes:

1. Cut into cubes (small) any meat on hand. Ham, beef, pork. Yes you can mix them all together for once.

2. Slice left over boiled, peeled potatoes. If you boiled them in their jackets, peel before slicing.

3. Any cooked vegetables left over? Cut these also neatly up and throw into the salad bowl.

4. A can of lima beans may be added, or navy beans if you have any, and like them.

Now make a French dressing, adding half a tsp. of French mustard. Pour over the lot, and mix thoroughly. Chill for 10 minutes. Not longer, lest it get soggy. Serve with iced tea, or coffee. Nice, tangy, cool! Takes only a few minutes to prepare.

## A STRANGE FIRE

By

CATHERINE DOHERTY

Love is  
A strange fire.  
It burns now  
Vividly,  
Flamboyantly;  
Now, banking  
Fire and light,  
It is just a  
Tender bright  
Glowing in  
The dark.

Before a breath,  
A sigh,  
Have come and gone  
It changes  
Into hunger  
That turns  
Inward and  
Consumes  
Without  
Consuming.

A hunger  
That urges  
On to  
Depths,  
To heights  
Unscaled  
By men.  
It knows  
No obstacle.  
Its running  
Outdistances  
Sound and wind.  
And yet  
It can be still  
As dead things  
Are still,  
And live as  
Vibrantly  
As music does—  
Or youth.

The face of love  
Is hidden  
Behind an  
Endless  
Caravan of faces.  
For its  
Hunger  
And its fire  
Changes it  
Into the face  
That needs it  
And will  
Find peace  
In beholding it.

It dies a  
Thousand deaths  
In one second,  
And yet

Is resurrected  
Before it  
Knows the tomb.  
It is of time,  
Yet its home  
Is beyond all  
Time.  
It spans eternity  
And is at home  
In it.

Love walks  
All roads,  
And stands  
At all  
Cross roads.  
The walking  
And the standing  
Are part of loving  
For everywhere  
Men seek it  
At all times.

And yet when they  
Find it—  
They do not know  
Its worth.  
They use it  
For their solace  
And then  
They leave  
It lightly—  
Not even  
Knowing  
The wounded,  
Bleeding  
Thing  
They left behind.

But love does not die—  
Is again on fire  
And ready  
To light their path.  
They do not know  
That its heat and warmth  
Is this endless  
Holocaust.

Dead to itself,  
Alive to all,  
Forgiving,  
Love gently  
Follows on.  
Never asking,  
Always giving.  
It is  
Immortal.  
It is God.

And those  
Who have  
Merged  
Their lives  
With its fire  
Have become one  
With Him.  
Theirs is  
The Kingdom—  
These paupers  
Of the earth.

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